

MR. SELWYN LLOYD is the sort of man who enjoys reading the clauses written in small type at the end of insurance policies. He likes detail; and this liking has made him a first-class lawyer and a first-class staff officer.

As a Foreign Secretary he has had some critics but the complexities of the Suez crisis are well suited to his talents. His handling of the early stages of the current conference has won much praise, and his admirable broadcast is regarded as one of the crucial points in the development of events.

Throughout this emergency he has remained quite unemotional, but his last speech to the Conservative Parliamentary Foreign Affairs Committee drew a response that many



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more eloquent orators might well envy. When he declared that Great Britain would stand firm tables were pounded and strong men wept.

Radar Rain

SINCE Sir Graham Sutton became director of the Meteorological Office in 1953 the weather has behaved in an outrageously freakish fashion but this short, smiling, dark Welshman ("It's impossible to live in Aberystwyth without being interested in the weather") remains buoyantly optimistic. "Meteorology," he tells me, "has turned the corner."

So far all attempts at long-

range weather forecasting have been fairly dismal failures but a fresh burst of intensive experimentation is now going on and the results are "not unpromising."

For short-term forecasts a new radar machine has been installed on the Air Ministry roof—Sir Graham was once Chief Superintendent of the Radar Research and Development Centre—but this machine, which fills the building with an ominous whine, can detect storms only when rain is actually falling. "At lunch time on the day of the last Buckingham Palace Garden Party the screen was quite clear." Some three hours later a cloudburst drenched the guests.

Balmy Norway

Better things are expected of the new Ferranti Mk. III electronic brain—tentatively named "Meteor"—which Sir Graham will get in February. Teams of Met men are already training with the electronic computer at Manchester University. "Preparing a chart of the twenty-four hour pressure-pattern involves 30 million mathematical computations" and at the moment this sort of forecasting is virtually impossible.

For his holiday this year Sir Graham is going to Norway—a country that excels in meteorology—early in September. "The first two weeks in September are frequently pretty stable and if it's fine I shall get great credit from my family." If Sir Graham cannot find any sunshine there is not much hope for the rest of us.

Floreat Washington

SOON after the end of the war an American visiting Winchester was taken aside by one of the Senior masters. "Have you ever heard of a school called Groton?" he asked (Groton is the nearest equivalent

to that there is to an American Eton). "They've suggested that their head boy should come here for a year, but I can't imagine that he'd fit in here."

Since then the Independent schools of Great Britain and the United States have learnt rather more about each other, and next week Dr. Robert Birley, the Head Master of Eton, makes his first visit to

America, where he will attend the centenary celebrations of St. Paul's School—one of the best in New England.

When Dr. Birley is in a whimsical mood he can point out that his school has a proprietorial interest in the United States. Lord North, the Prime Minister who is generally credited with driving America out of the Empire, was an Old Etonian and it is only a slight

exaggeration to say that the United States was born in the classrooms of Eton.

On to Uganda

SIR FREDERICK CRAWFORD can hardly complain of lack of variety in his career. During the last six years he has governed the Seychelles, deputised for the Governor of Kenya, and represented Tanganyika at golf. Now he is to govern Uganda.

PEOPLE and THINGS: By ATTICUS

He displays a native Yorkshireman's level-headedness when faced with a sticky wicket. Even without his special local knowledge I cannot see his favouring the schemes for finding buried treasure in the Seychelles—schemes that are as popular as football pools with the Kenya settlers. Hitherto his forte has been the streamlining and strengthening of a crackling administrative machinery. He will find much to occupy him in Uganda.

Ponsonby's Debut

ARTISTIC administrators tend to flower early, but even in this company Robert Ponsonby is something of a prodigy. At twenty-eight he makes his debut as Director of the Edinburgh Festival to-night by welcoming the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the inaugural concert.

His early training was as orthodox as that given to any scion of the Ponsonby family—Eton, Oxford and the Brigade of Guards. With this behind him, however, he has spent nearly all his working life in the Edinburgh Festival offices and inherited Ian Hunter's mantle despite one grave defect—he is so tall, six foot six inches, that he cannot easily duck out of sight when trouble looms.

Like most Englishmen associated with this Festival he is worried by the shortage of specifically Scottish contributions to the festivities. As one answer to this problem he hopes to emulate the success of the recent Franco-Scottish exhibition in Paris by staging a series of *détachements* stressing Scotland's links with foreign lands.

The Uncertain Brecht

THAT remarkable figure Bertolt Brecht died before Paris, New York or London saw a straight play of his performed professionally in translation. Controversy raged around his work, but mainly at second hand.

Now George Devine's enterprising English Stage Company is planning to produce Brecht's "Good Woman of Setzuan" next October, with Peggy Ashcroft leading the cast and two of Brecht's East Berlin team giving technical advice—a friendly addendum to their forthcoming season at the Palace Theatre.

"I think Brecht was finally unsure of himself," Devine tells me. "He had suffered but he had not come to any conclusion. He was still searching, examining like a surgeon. His claws never give the

answer; they pose the problem. Behind his enigmatic spectacles his eyes were sensitive, intelligent and kind." So for that matter are George Devine's, but I cannot see him taking to Communism for the sake of a well-equipped theatre.

Fleeting Fox

JUST about the most exciting race at Henley last month was the Diamond Sculls meeting of Tony Fox and Theodor Kocerca of Poland, the reigning European champion. At the mile post they were dead level and exhausted; Kocerca then pulled ahead.



DR. FOX

ing European champion. At the mile post they were dead level and exhausted; Kocerca then pulled ahead.

Since Henley, Fox, who has been sculling better than ever and his chance of revenge will come this week when the European Rowing Championships are held at Bled, Jugoslavia. He may not bring it off, but it is unlikely that any other sculler in the world will prove as fast as these two at the Olympic Games.

At Pembroke College, Cambridge, Fox boated alone. He had learnt the art of watermanship by knocking about in dinghies off his Channel Island home, but no one ever thought of him in terms of a Blue.

Then in 1951 he came to the aid of his declining medical studies and in the same year he won the Diamond Sculls, the London Cup. He is not so much a lone wolf as a lone tiger.

Dollar Foolish

GOVERNOR AVERELL HARRIMAN, of New York, has a lot of money, and he has spent a great deal on his unsuccessful bid to win the Democratic nomination for President. As one of Mr. Stevenson's aides remarked with a touch of awe "Harriman has been spending his own money as if it were the Government's."